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J. G. PINNEY, POLLEGE MARBLE HILL - - MUSSOURI

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS hopes to con plete the biography of her late hus band in season to sail for Europe in May

gressional Record, it is certainly one of the best sleep-restorers known to science.

WHATEVER may be said of the Con

MISS ANY C. FOWLER (Sister Rose Gertrude), who is going among the Hawaiian lepers, has written a book of stories for children.

MISS BISLAND, the brave little woman who went around the world at six hours notice, has been made literary editor of the Cosmopolitun Magazine.

THE idiocy of human nature was nev er better shown than in the rush of mer to leave good lands and settle on the sand hills of the Sioux reservation.

A PHILADELPHIA woman wrote with lead pencil on a piece of brown paper: "I give my bank book to Mrs. Reichart," and it was a will which the lawver could not break.

THE tardy conversion of Anarchist Schwab to the doctrine of a change in the form of government by peaceable means seems to argue that occasionally it is too late to learn.

A SUGAR syndicate is preparing to plant 5,000 acres of sugar beets in Kansas this season. There is either a large amount of sugar or experience in store for that syndicate.

EMPEROR WILLIAM has caused an order to be issued prohibiting the exhibition of portraits of himself, his ancestors, or any of his family without his sanction first being obtained.

THE authorities at West Point have grown tired of having soldiers' widows on the military reservation and an order has been issued evicting them. In other words the widows of soldiers have been "fired."

ORANGES are now preserved in silos the fruit being wrapped in tissue and buried in sand, care being taken tha the wrappers do not touch, and only three layers deep being laid in each

In personally looking after the mone he wants to expend in public charities instead of leaving it for paid executors to misdo after his death, Andrew Car negie is setting an example which every rich man should follow.

OLAF KRAKER, an Esquimau woman is to lecture in England. She is the first person of her race to ascend the rostrum. She speaks English fluently, wears her native costume, and is only 3 feet 4 inches in height.

THE Americans who are exploring in Mesopotamia have uncovered at Niffus, the old Nipur, the temple of Bel, and as early as 3,750 B. C., with other ar ticles of archæological value.

SARAH BERNHARDT is about to con tract another matrimonial alliance, but the name of the daring man who will wed her is not announced. He will be simply Sarah Bernhardt's husband, so that his name is really of no account anyway.

JOHN PRENTISS POE, of the present Maryland senate, is one of the nearest living relatives of the author of the "Raven." Mr. Poe has none of the poetical gifts of his immortal cousin, but he is a hard-working lawyer and politician.

MRS. THERESA FAIR, wife of ex-Senator Fair of Nevada, and her two daughters have chartered a palace-car to be occupied solely them on the trip from New York to San Francisco. The special decorations of the car for this journey cost \$1.000.

Several thousand families from England and Denmark will be settled in the San Joaquin Valley in California, this season. A large tract of land has been cut into twenty-acre fruit farms, and the colonists are now on their way from the old world.

THE report of the Parnell commissi declares Mr. Parnell innocent of the most serious charges made against him by the London Times, but says that the other defendants incited sedition, conspired against the Irish landlords, and were closely intimate with the Clan-na-Gael in America.

A Young woman who was married in Stokes County, North Carolina, discovered that her husband had taken a drink of whisky just before marriage. She was an ardent temperance woma and believed her lover to be a testotaler. Finding that she had been decleved she refused to live with him.

One of the able habitues of the pre gallery at the Capitol has a startling way of putting things. Speaking of a Senator who is noted alike for his wisdom and long-windedness, he said, "Oh - knows lote; there's no doubt of it. The fact is, he knows so much it's positively in the way."

Ten Caar possesses forty-four unithat of the Russian Field Ma sh he is Commi ay, his Majorty has, the

CHAPTER VIII. - (CONTINUED.) Four days passed wearily away ithout a word from Dick. Even mother had ceased to wonder and ex-claim each time the postman passed our gate without a call, or called to iver letters that seemed only an inrom him. Dear mother, how good and patient she was with me then! I know how much it cost her to subdue her natural curiosity and ready indigna-tion at anything that seemed like a slight to her child. And I was gratewere unstrung, and there were mo-ments in which I found the perpetual pity of her eyes harder to bear than

any spoken words could have been. Once I overheard her speaking in a hurried, excited whisper to uncle Archie, who was openly perplexed and annoyed by my lover's mysterious dis-appearance, and her words made me

"Do not speak to Irene about itat least not yet," she said eagerly. "Things may come right, you know; and then we should be sorry to have said anything against the young man, though I admit his conduct seems

most unaccountable. "Most infamous, I call it," uncle Archie cried angrily. "The child looks the picture of misery! I cannot bear to meet those pretty proud eyes of hers and think what she has to bear! By George, if I thought that fellow meant to play fast and loose with

Uncle Archie gripped his thick stick and the cd so savagely that mother started up in quick alarm, crying

feebly—
Good gracious, Archie, do not take things so seriously yet! Why should we think the worst at once? And"drawing herself up with maternal pride-"why should we think that he, or any man, would dare, or wish to

"Why?" uncle Archie echoed with a groan. "You are too guileless for his world, Gertrude, if you do not see and know. When this young man asked our poor child to marry him, she was the recognized helress of the Hall - a prize in the coarsest and most mercenary sense of the word; now-

stayed to hear no more. My mother's indignant exclamation broke the spell that had held me a motionless listener until then, and I fled to hide myself and struggle with this new torturing doubt.

Was uncle Archie right? Was it possible that Dick, who had seemed so true and honest-who had declared with such apparent candor, that the loss of my prospective inheritance had been clear gain to him, since it cleared away a barrier between us-was it possible that Dick had been acting all this time—that, even while he played the part of disinterested lover, he had been secretly plotting and planning to obtain his release? If it were so, how quickly I would set him free! But no. l could not, and would not, entertain that degrading thought even then. It was no less painful to think that Dick had been dazzled and led astray by the spell of an enchantress and had led from a temptation that he felt himself powerless to resist; but it was easier than to believe him base and mercenary, and there was less of disloyalty in the thought,

Two more days passed; the end of the week had come, and I still knew nothing of my lover's movements. I as standing at the gate resting m hot and aching head against the rough bark of the old tree that guarded our path in sentry fashion and looking aimlessly out upon the deserted high-road when I was roused from my reverie by the sound of a light quick footstep, coming from the opposite direction to that in which I gazed, and, looking quickly round, found my face almost ouching Estelle Gerrard's.

It was early morning still—not later than eight o'clock—and I should almost as soon have expected to meet a ghost or goblin afoot in the fresh morning air as my uncle's beautiful wife. She laughed that curious laugh of hers, that always sugges ed to me a silvery peal of bells in which there jarred and angled one harsh note, and said, with

airy pleasantry—
"What a cruelly disappointed look! Do not kill me because I am not the postman, child! I would act as the pearer of good tidings if I could; but, alas, through life that pleasant part has rarely fallen to my share. Have you no tidings of the absent swain,

Mocking as her words were, there was a fierce, eager expression in her eyes as they searched my face with a mercilessly close scrutiny. I had been indignant at first; but suddenly—and unreasonably, as it seemed to me-I began to pity Estelle Gerrard.

With the morning sunlight streaming full upon her, she looked utterly different from the conquering triumph. ant beauty I found it so hard not to hate. Beautiful she was still; but some curious change had come over her face and marred its brilliant bloom. She looked haggard, anxious, half alarmed and half defiant, and al-

most, as I thought, old. "Will you come in?" I asked ignoring her taunting words.

"No, no," she answered impatienty; "I have business, as you may guess by my being out so early—business that will hardly wait. I did not mean you or any one to see me; but, when I caught sight of your woe-begone face What a queer thing it must be to show all one's emotions so plainly! I wonder if you have any idea now how tragically miserable you look?"

I felt my face flush, but did not atempt to answer her words-indeed

they were spoken in a reflective tone and much more to herself than to me; but when I made a restless, impa-tient movement towards the house, she put out her slender hands and seized me quickly by the wrists.
"Wait! I have a few moments still want to ay. Irene Gerrard, do you hate me quite? But of course you do!

welcome you, for my uncle's sake. Whether you have given me any cause to, as you say, hate you, you alone

released my wrists with strange laugh, shrugged her shi ders, and said drily-

"I shall not keep my secret long then, for you and all Ludleigh will know soon. Good-bye, Irene. You are an honest-hearted, generous girt, whether you hate me or not. I almost think I could have liked you if I had tried."

She moved away so quickly that I had not time to try to detain her, or even ask the meaning of her mysterious words—the graceful figure had vanished round the curve of the road before recovered myself.

What does she mean? Where car he be going at this hour of the morn-I wondered, in dire perplexity, ing ?" as I walked slowly back to the house; but I could find no answer that was even plausibly satisfactory, and mother gave me little help when I ap-

"My dear Irene, how can we possibly account for the eccentricities of your Uncle Archie's wife ?" she said with that tone of asperity she always ssumed now when she spoke of Estelle Gerrard. "Extraordinary? course it was! Everything she does is raordinary. Pray do not talk of her; you will spoil my breakfast if you

Of course I dropped the subject then, and fell to thinking sadly of Dick's unaccountable and insulting silence. I had been patient -so far, least, as any outward display of feeling went-long enough: I felt that some show of dignity was necessary now. But how was that digfied re-ent ment to be shown? There was some-thing judicrous as well as unendurably painful, in the position in which was placed since I knew neither the eason of my lover's prolonged absence nor even where he was.

I was not destined to remain long ignorance of Dick's whereabouts. shall never forget the sharp and cruel pain I felt when Mrs. Knyvett, who with Miss Clarissa Green us an extraordiarily early visit morning, peered sharply into my face and said, with an acrid playfulness-"Still pale and heavy-eyed, Miss Irene! That is not right! I was saying to Clarissa, as we came along. We shall find the roses in full bloom again at the Downer House now that

he truant has come back !" How hard it was to feel my urn pale and rigid under the malicious scrutiny of those eyes-how harder far to realise, in all its crushing misery, the meaning of those words "Come back?" mother e hoed. Who has come, Mrs. Knyvett? And why should Irene have more or less color than usual to-day ?'

The two visitors smiled maliciously; then Miss Green said, with her usua "Dear Mrs. Gerrard, it is only a little innocent joke! Of course we

were speaking of Mr. Martineau's re-"Dick Martineau!" I saw colour rush to mother's cheeks; then she laughed, not very naturally, and added, with a swift warning glance at

ne, "Oh, did you meet him at the station? Irene was lazier than you; she does not like such early trains. "Such early trains ?" Mrs. Knyvett choed, with sxaggerated perplexity; then her eyes seemed to sparkle with spileful satisfaction. "Oh, dear Mrs. Gerrard, I did not know he came early in the day! It was quite late-what time should you say Clarissa?"

you sav "I'en m'nutes to nine: I looked at ny watch," Miss Greene answered with grim promptitude and with the satisfied air of one who has obtained corroborative evidence.

"Yes." Mrs. Knyvett went on: "just bout 9 o'clock last evening we met Mr. Martineau walking with Mrs. Gerrard in the lane. Of course we took it for granted that you and Irene were with the squire somewhere near; but they were so absorbed in conversation that they did not even see us pass. My dear Irene, you are ill!"

"No-no," I cried, passionately pushing away the false face that was bent in cruel mock sympathy above me-"I am quite well-I- Mother, there is uncle Archie in the path!"

Hardly knowing what I did, conscious only of a frenzied longing to escape from the woman who exulted in my misery, I darted through the open window and down the path, and seized my uncle's arm trembling so that I ould hardly stand.

He did not seem startled; and when looked in his face it might have been a reflection of my own, it was so white and woe-begone and wild. with redrimmed eyes and twitching, ashy lips. "Irene-you know?" he gasped pitifully. "There is no need for me to speak—to tell you—she has gone!"
"She has gone," I repeated blankly

gone forever?" 'Yes-forever!" he answered swiftly and flercely, She has deceived me cruelly, Irene! Dick Martineau has

taken her away—— Irene!"
I heard no more; I uttered a broken cry and fell senseless at my uncle's

CHAPTER IX.

"Mother!" "Irene, darling! Thank heaven, you

are better at last! My child, what a week of torture this has been!" Dimly and indistinctly I saw mother wiping the tears of relief and gratitude

from her kind eyes, vaguely I felt her kiss upon my cheek. I did not attempt to answer her or return it: I felt west helpless, stupid, and I simply lay It was a long, and at first it seemed

a hopeless, task; but mind and memory gradually awoke with such a keer pang of agony as almost killed me. I had been very il, and mother was grateful that my life was spared. Oh, cruel boon! Why—ch, why could I not die, since Dick was false, and life was had been was been death! so much more terrible than death!

I turned and hid my face in the pillow with a wild, despairing, heart-broken cry that brought my mother quickly to my side.

"Trene, are you in pain? Or is it—

look up and answer me, my child—o is it that you are thinking of—"
"Do no speak of him or her!"
cried. Oh, mether, let me forget—help me to forget—if you can!"
"Not I, my tear!" mother answered, with what they record to reasswered,

dear-able to understand things as they really are; and though they are bad enough. I fancy you imagine them

"Even worse? "You mest listen, child," mother rent on, in her calm matter-of-fact way. "It will be easier to hear the story from me than from your poor uncle, or even from Dick."

"Mother, why will you speak of him to me? I am in my senses now: I know all—his shameful sin—his

is flight with Uncle Archie's wife "Poor child," mother said gently. no wonder that such fancies madden ed and almost killed you! But they are wrong, dear-wrong from first to last! Dick Martineau is the hones pright man we have always thought im to be, and he is your true lover still.

Oh, blessed, blessed words, falling ike balm upon my strained ears and

Mother looked a little anxious'y at my fast-falling tears; but she was to wise not to know that they had healing in them, and she continued quiet

"Dick has been with me daily and ourly through this weary week. my right hand support—more than a son to the poor lonely old man at the Hall. I do not know how we should have managed without him, and am sure I can never let him go again.

She paused, and I seized her hand. "Was it all a dream-all delirium, mother? Is nothing changed—no one one ? not Estelle P

Mother stopped me there, hesitated, lanced anxiously at my eager face, nd said, with a sigh-

"I dare say the doctor will scold me but it will do you less harm to hear the truth at once than to lie there racking your brains in a torture of "Yes, yes-tell me all! Estelle is

gone, you say ?"
"Yes; she has gone for ever. She never had any right here, Irene; she

was simyly an impudent impostor --not Violet Egerton's daughter, and not, thank Heaven, your uncle's wife ! "And-Dick." I faltered, trying to find the clue that should guide my startled senses through this labyrin of surprises - what had Dick to do vith her and this ?" "He recognized and unmasked her.

and set your uncle free," replied mother, with a triumphant smile. And now, my dearest child, that is enough to ease your mind of its worst burden -- enough for you to hear today. The rest of the story Dick must tell you for himself."

## TO BE CONTINUED.

Girls' Birthdays.

An old astrological prediction gives he character of a girl according to the month she is born in, as follows:
If a girl is born in January, she will e a prudent housewife, give to melancholy, but good-tempered, and fond of fine clothes,

If in February, an affectionate wife and tender mother, and devoted to

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat gvien to quarrelling, and a connoisseur in gowns and bonnets. If in April, inconsistant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good-look

ing and studious of fashion plates. If in May, handsome, amiable, and given to style in dress. If in June, impetuous, will marry early, be frivolous, and like dressy

If in July, possibly handsome, but or gay attire. If in August, amiable and practical,

likely to marry rich and to dress strikingly. If in September, discreet, affable uch liked, and a fashionable dresser

If in October, pretty and coquettish nd devoted to attractive garniture. If in November, liberal, kind, of mild disposition, and an admirer of

stylish dress.

If in December, well-proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant, and a student of dressy effects. - Harper Magazine.

Legal Language. The following amendment was actually proposed in the English parliament by au eminent Queen's coun-

"Dogs trespassing on inclosed land -Every dog found trespassing on in-closed land, accompanied by the registered owner of such, or other person, who shall on being asked give his true name and address, may be then and there destroyed by such occupier, or by his order.

The following definition in the Dar lington improvement act (Mass., 1872) "The term 'new building' mean any building pulled or burned down to

within ten feet of the surface of the d oining ground." It is said that John Adams, when copping at a hotel in the city of Phil-

adelphia, picked up a copy of the city ordinance and found therein one which was to the effect that: "Whereas, it is a well known fac that oysters are injurious to health

during the months of June and July therefore te it resolved, that al oysters found for sale in the city dur ng said months be seized and given to the poor."

Cause of Potato Rot.

Potato rot is caused by the working of a minute insect. Pasteur, the emineat French chemist, recently exam ined a piece of this rot the size of a pin's head. In it, living a regular catand-dog life, continually biting and clawing at each other, he found over two hundred minute forms of animal

"The Decadence of Farming." as bown by the number of farms for sale and the prevalence of farm mortgages. will be explained by Mr. Joel Benton in the November "Popular Science Monthly." The writer maintains that our modes of taxation bear more beavily on the farmers than on any other class.

It is reported that a New York lady, while twisting some worsted, hit upon a little idea of applying a little system of her own to a larger field than mere yarn. So, it is further reported, she promptly invented a machine for twisting wire rope, and has sold the patent for £10,000 and a royalty upon

## THE FIVE FINCERS

Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage Discourses of "The Glorious Christ."

Christ, the Over-Topping Figure of All Time-Beautiful Significance of Words-The Love of Christ Set Forth in the Ten derest Phraseology.

At the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the 9th st., Rev. Talmage preached from the text: inst, fee. Taimage presents from above is above all, "

John iii-31 Dr. Talmage said: The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The fluger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chrono-logy, the finger of events—all five fingers to the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the yox humana in all music, the gracefules line in all sculpture, the most exquisit mingling of lights and shades in all paint

ing, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur, and the perora-tion of all spendid language. The Greek alphabet is made up of twen-ty-four letters, and when Carist compared himself to the first letter and the last letter the alpha and the omega, he appropriated to himself all the spienders that you can spell out either with those two letters, and all the letters between them. "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Or, if prefer the words of the text, "above all Or, if you

What does it mean! It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high nountain, and Olympus, a high mountain but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of osed to scale the heavens; but them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prohetic and apos-tolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and scraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all well united. The works of the might all well unite in the words of the text and say: "He that cometh from above

First, Christ must be above all else in preaching. There are so many books nomileties scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergy-men, have made up their minds what aer-mons qualt to be. That sermon is most effectual which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the cor-rection of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justifi-cation, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, that therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under lifferent phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo Saxonism, of all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marshal it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the spittle, the saive, the barn yard fowl, the crystals of sait, as well as from the seas and the stars; and we do not propose in our Sunday school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God write upon the tables of stones! Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet! Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe! Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo and words are only the ship but how fast would your cargo get on with out the ship? What you need, my friends, tions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vacabulary when we come to speal about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such illimitable resources. Shakespeare employed fifteen thousand different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed eight thousand different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed eleven thousand different words for legal purposes; but the most of us have less has a thougand words that we can manage, less than five hundred, and that makes

us so stupid. When we come to set farth the love of Christ we are going to take tenderest physicalogy wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before, all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the Conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from traumplial arch and oratoric and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have eighteen flogs which they give signal, but t eighteon flags they can put into sixty six thousand different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combination a inflalte and varieties everlasting. And let me ay to these young men who came from the theological seminaries into our services every Sabbath, and are after a while going preach Jesus Christ, you will have the argest liberty and unlimited resource You only have to present Christ in your

wn way. the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the subimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned ngainst the side of the pulpit and wept out his discourse, while George Whitefield, with the manner and the voice and the start of an actor, overwhelmed his audi-tory. It would have been a different thing f Jonathan Edwards had tried to writ and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city, or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.
Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountsins, deeper than the seas, are all these Gospel themes. Song has no melody,

flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire, and producing r volutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweet st thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling tilustration for the ora tor, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the embassador of the sky all outhusiasm. Complete pardon for direct guilt. Sweetest contort for ghastil-est agonies Brightest hope for grimmest doa h. Granicat resurrection for darkest sepulchers. Oh, what a Gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, his suffer ing, h s miracles his parables, his sweat, his tours, his blood, his abstement, his intorcession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith! Christ is its object. Do we have love! It fastens ou Josus. Have ve a fondness for the church! It is because Caristelie I for it. Hav : we a hope of !

Caristedic I for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Josus wont ahead, the her.ld and the forcemence.

The royal role of Demotrius was accessly, so besuitful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared put it on; but this robe of Christ, reher than that, the poorest and the wannest and the worst may wear. "Where alm abounded grace may much more about." much more abound."
"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin

Lather to Staupit, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is, that the brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that made

him quake, and nothing else ever made him quake; and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardosed and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we that have been such very awful sinners praise his grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first rats spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the top you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking

maculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor, an wretched, and miserable, and blind, and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefy-ing sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up

the fact that Christ gathered up ail the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt. And how much we need him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have his grace. Why, be made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calam-

brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyments have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite lily rimmed and vine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark, that Christ is above all in dying alleviations.

I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stone mason should come and consult him about the eed. And there are men who are mone maniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not

worthy of me. Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his lay, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Beheld, all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstra-tion, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a commonsensical ides on this subject that you and I need to consider—that there are only two styles of depart-

A thousand feet underground, by light of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Farout at sea, falling from he slippery ratines and broken on the hal yards, we may die a sailor's death. On yards, we may die a saitor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and recking leprosies and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour come you may be home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you You want have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any curi-ous strangers stanting around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all! Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdlo! Can human voice charm open heaven's gate! Can human hand plict us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor! Can any earth-ly friendship shield us from the arrows of death, and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery! No, no, no, no! Alus! Pogr soul, if that is all. Better die in the widdernoss, far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures c reling through the air waiting for body unknown to men, and to have no buriat, if only Christ could say through the solitudes:
"I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee," From that pillow of stone a adder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going; and across the solitude the barrenness would come the awest notes

of heavenly minstrelsy. Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the Gordon Hail, far from home, dying in the door of a heathen temple, said: "Glory to thee, O God!" What did dying Wilbert force say to his wife! "Come and alt beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say! "To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh elorious grave! Oh when live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymnmaker, say in hi last hour! "Who can measure the depths of the third beaven! Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shill soon be gone, surely no one can live in this world after such glories as Gol has manifested to my

What did the dying Janaway say ! "I What did the dying Janaway say! "can as easily die as closs my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stan! on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand and with the just men maile perfect, and we shall ascribe riches, and honor, and glory, and mijesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb," Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guards way tolther order away from the guards-men and went bounding and leap ing and jumping toward the fire-glad to go to Jesus and to die for him. Sir Charles Hara, in last moment, had such rapturous vision that he cried: "Upw rd, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he but his florers upon the pulse in his ware put his fingers upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after a white he said: "Stopped" an i his life had ended here to begin in heaven. Hut grander than that was the testimony here to begin in heaven. Hat grander than that was the testimony of the worn out first missionary, when, in the Mamartine dungoon, he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; hence-fought the state is high the fourth them. forth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the rightcous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying alleviations!

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset, I say, "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say, "Another scason gone forever." When I close this Bible on Sabbath night, I say, "Another Sabbath described in the say." close this Bible on Sabbath night, I say, "Another Sabbath departed," When I bury a friend, I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forover," What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us whether to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a piace for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with soloma tread, carry us to our resting place. Ay, it is known in heaven whether our departury will be a proportion or a banishment.

Brighter than a binqueting hall through

Brighter than a binqueting hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpaters will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the hely light of heaven atroameth. God will watch you. He will seed his angels to guard your slumbering ground, ustil, at Christ's beheat, they shall roll away the

stone. So, also, Christie above all in heaven The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the colectial ascription, all the thrones facing his throne, all the palms

waved before his face, all the

waved before his face, all the crowne down at his feet. Cherabim to cherubim, seraphim to aeraphim, redoomed apirit to redoemed spirit, shall recite the Savior's earthly sacrifice. Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the sears of his suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The marters will the purer for the flame The martyrs, all the parer for the flame through which they passed, will say: "This is Jesus, for whom we died." The through which they passed, will say:
"This is Jesus, for whom we diel." Thy
apostles, all the happier for the shipwrock
and the scourging through which they
went, will say: "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cap and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." children clad in white will say: "This is the Jesus who took us in his arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the work us, and when the storms of the works were too cold and load, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say: "Phis is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who parand he brought us home. We were guilty, and he has made us white as snow." Mer-cy boundless, grace unparallelet. And then, after each one has recited has pecu-liar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come to rether into chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation

of gladness and place and triumph. Edward I was so ancious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to exp're he bequeathed \$100,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treas-ures are, there are your hearts also. Quaints, John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse-of that place, and in his quaint way ha-said: "And I heard in my dream, and loft the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shous like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them. harps in their hands, to ring praises withat; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself

HIS OPEAT INVENTION

There Was Millions in It, but He Needed a Little Canital

About six weeks ago a man who claimed to be in hard luck entered a Detroit stove-store and asked for monev. The proprietor gave him a dime and a blowing up at the same time, and asked him why he did not brace up

and do something. "Say! I'll do it!" was the reply. "I m already working a big thing. It is a coal stove and a refrigerator combined-one side to cool your provisions. in summer, and the other to heat yourbodies in winter."

He was encouraged to go on, and in about two weeks he returned to in-

"Do you think it will make any difference which side is the stove and which the refrigerator?" He was told that it would not, and he went away to be gone another fort-

night, and then to return and ask:
"Wouldn't it be a good thing to ar range to save the heat of the stove to run a washing-machine?' He was warmly complimented on the

idea, and was not seen again until yesterday, when he returned with enthusinsticaton to ask for a private interview and to say:
"Got another idea! I'm going to make the cold air which passes off the ice and escapes by the ventilator run at least six fly-fans in the dining-room.

What I want just now is a capital of \$1,000,000 to enable me to experiment, and I shall write to parties in New York to-day. Meanwhile could you advance me 27 cents and take a first in gold"'-Detroit Free Press.

HOW TO COOK A STEAK.

An Art so Few Do, but Which An Should Know. Now if you only knew how to cook a steak to make it good that would do. but it always makes me sick to see a woman cook a steak. She invariably puts her fryingpan on the stove, and puts in a chunk of grease about as big

as my fist; and when it is hot enough to begin to crackle, she puts in her beef and never thinks of covering it. The smoke and steam from it goes to the very ceiling. After she has cooked it this way until it begins to look like an old rubber shoe sole, she calls it done. When you go to eat it there is no more taste to it than a chip. Now, if you want a good bit of steak, have a clear, hot fire, set your clean, empty pan on a spot, cover it up, then pound pan on a spot, cover it up, then pound your steak, and when your pan is very hot lay iff your steak, and cover quickly. As soon as it has crisped enough to let go its hold on the pan, turn over cover quickly; turn again, as at first, and continue to do so every two min-utes until you have turned it about six or eight times. Have a hot buttered dish ready for it and lay it in; add a sprinkling of pepper, sult and sugar, and cover tightly. Now, if you wish a gravy, put a bit of butter in your pan, when hot rub in a pinch of flour, add a small teacupful of boiling water, let it, boil a few minutes, then put in a gravy boat instead of putting it over your. boat instead of putting it over your beef to draw out the juice. Now try this plan just once, and you will see

your women know nothing about cook-ing a good steak.—An Old Butcher. The Duke of Suffolk's Head. In the Holly Trinity Church, in the Minories, is preserved in a glass case beneath the pulpit a human head. The vicar, Rev. Samuel Kinns, has recently issued a book containing details about this caput mortuum. It is supposed to be that of the duke of Suffolk. fether of Lady Jane Gray, who was beheaded in 1554, shortly after the execution of his daughter. There is a tra-dition that the executioner did not, as was usual in such cases, hold up the head of the duke to the people, but let it simply drop into the basics, the sup-position being that he was bribed to bring it secretly to the church and place it in the vault, where it was found by the earl of Dartmouth. This story is doubted by a former vicar, who writes to say that it is more pro-

To give an idea of the dairy produce in France it has been computed that the milk sold in the country would, if the milk sold in the country would, if collected, form a stream three feet four inches in width and one foot one inch in depth, flowing night and day all the year, with a mean velocity of a yard per second. Young animals, of course, drink a part of this enormous volume of milk, man takes a goodly portion of it, and the rest is transformed into cheese and butter.

bable that "the head belongs to

unknown person of later times.